



The Port's Magazine.

M A Y, 1 8 7 9.

MASTERLESS.

BY LEONARD LLOYD.

THROUGH the gates of the city at noon-day he rode—
The sun glinted gaily on glistening mail—
Oh, heart beating proudly! doth fear not forbode
Your fate ere the sunset, when foes shall assail,
And pale Death shall reap you as wheat 'neath the flail?

You are young, strong, and dauntless, and never will yield
While the life-breath remains you, while yet you can slay;
You have faith in the weapons you lustily wield,
You have hope in your heart for the issue to-day,
You have love that will lead you and strengthen, you say.

And she whose blue pennon you bear on your lance
(True blue, her love's colour)—the maiden who now
Looks down from her casement with lingering glance,
And eyes that repeat thee last night's tender vow,—
Doth fear bring no cloud to the white of her brow?

Nay! you think, as you answer the smile on her lips,
 "She knows that loyal courage will carry me through,"
 And you cry back "Farewell" as from daintiest tips,
 Of lily-rose fingers, a kiss meant for you
 Is flung by the lady as love's last adieu.

Ah! had you but seen the sharp pain in her eyes,
 As you passed from her sight through the gates 'mid the
 And heard the quick cry of despair which belies [throng,
 The maidenly strength when she feigns to be strong,
 You would not have ridden so proudly along.

You would not have turned with such lightness of heart
 To the man by your side with a laugh and a jest,
 Had you known that the dear one who watched you depart
 Fell stricken and senseless, her lily hand pressed
 Against the poor heart which had struggled its best.

And yet it may be her fond fears are but vain,
 Frail womanly weakness, which manhood should scorn;
 She has lost you awhile, but may find you again
 Ere the day-king descends, and the stars shall be born
 To the brooding queen Night, in cloud chariot drawn.

She shall hold you perchance in twin close-clinging arms;
 She shall feed you again with keen kisses, and feel
 Your pulses throb quicker with love 'neath the charms
 She uses to snare you, while blue eyes appeal
 For return of the passion too pure to conceal.

* * * * *

Through the gates of the city at sunset there came
 A handful of fugitives, forced to retreat;
 The glint of their mail was like fierce circling flame
 In the sun's haughty glance, as they passed up the street,
 War-soiled and war-wearied and shamed by defeat.

And among them a *masterless* charger, with foam
On his nostrils dilated, all panting, hard pressed
With the heat of the battle, returns to his home,
Forgetting the rider who curbed and carressed,
And who lieth enwapt in his life-blood, at rest.

But one hopeless watcher with wistful eyes saw,
As she leaned from the casement, the steed when he passed,
And she knew that her lover would hasten no more
To meet her and greet her : that fate had forecast
The doom which was dealt him, that love looked her last
When he rode forth at noonday heart-eager for war.

THE HAUNTED CHATEAU.

By S. E. DISTIN.

'T WAS grief at the castle,—the Baron had said,
“With one and one only my daughter shall wed :
He wins her for wife, whether henchman or foe,
Who wrests from the fiends the Haunted Château.

Full fifty long years has the curse been its doom,
No daylight can fathom its shadowy gloom ;
And brave must he be more than mortal can show
Who dares lift the spell from the Haunted Château.”

Then answered Sir Launcelot, “Mine be the task !
And when it is ended your daughter I ask.
I’ve conquered in battle, in danger I’ve trod :
If fiends are mighty, more powerful God !”

He reached the grim gateway where black shadows fall,
And entered the mouldering banqueting hall :
A thunder clap angrily muttered o’erhead,
And chill grew the air as a vault of the dead.

A skeleton form that had crumbled to dust
Lay close to a broken sword cankered with rust,
And staining the tapestry's tattered decay
Were spots that still told of a murderous fray.

With moss covered stones a rude altar he built,
His sword in the centre half plunged to the hilt
The cross; 'neath whose shelter Sir Launcelot knelt,
His visor unfastened, unbuckled his belt.

The thunder grew louder as mutely he prayed,
And over his armour the red lightning played;
From rafter and vault broke a horrible yell,
And forth from their lair came fiends of hell.

Prostrate by the altar, his eyes on the ground,
Sir Launcelot heeded not spectre nor sound,
But, kneeling in prayer on his cushion of moss,
His mailed hands clasping, he clung to the cross.

If but for one moment he loosened his hold,
Before his gaze opened out horrors untold,
Gigantic shapes ghastly and loathly in form
Loomed darker and darker, while revelled the storm.

From dusk until dawn at his altar of stone
The knight kept his vigil unarmed and alone,
And when the first sunbeams woke brightly o'erhead
The shadows were lifted, the fiends had fled.

Restored is the château, roof, turret and wall,
Once more there are guests in the banqueting hall,
Its bowers with music and laughter are gay,
And woman's loved presence holds queenliest sway.

No shadows hang now over terrace and slope;
They fled at the advent of sunshine and hope,
And statelier dwelling no mortal can know
Than that which was doomed as the Haunted Château.

DOUBTING.

BY ALFRED THOMPSON.

AH, peaceful Sabbath morn,
Thou long'd-for haven after weary strife,
Among the breakers of our troubled life ;
The lip of scorn
That curls incredulous of priests and creeds,
That weighs not over-well the Churches' needs,
Hath no revilement in that thou art born !

Stealeth the sound of bells—
Ah, sweet, sad bells, what sad sweet memories
Upon your gentle murmurs fall and rise !
What hidden wells
Of feeling flood life's unforgotten ways ;
What faces, and what dreams of yesterdays,
Come from the Past, where all life's music dwells.

Sweet day, calm crown of days !
Allured by silvern janglings gently borne,
The peasantry are finding, through the corn,
The House of Praise :
An upright, sturdy folk. Well for them, well,
They have no weary doubtings, hard to quell,
But trust the Faith that lit their fathers' ways.

Solemn their pace, and slow,
Toward the olden, well-worn churchyard stile,
Where happy greybeard men will think awhile
Of long-ago,
And faces 'neath the hillock tufts ; and sweet
Will deem the nearing time when all will meet—
How happier seems belief !—and *who may know ?*

SUNRISE VIEW FROM KNOCKDOLIAN HILL,
AYRSHIRE.

BY DAVID R. WILLIAMSON.

HOW gladly sends the sun his glittering rays
To wipe away the tears that earth had shed,
Ere gloomy night arose to bid the blaze
Of sweetening twilight mingle with the dead!

How sweetly on the heather-scented hills
Sleeps the still splendour of his smiling face!
How joyfully the softly sighing rills
Exult amidst the glory of his grace!

Ne'er from the darkness of the dreamy night
Did fairer morn o'er fairer lands arise;
Ne'er o'er a scene more pure and calm and bright
Were spread the deathless glories of the skies!

Angelic peace in silent majesty
Sits on the world's great throne; with gentle sway
She stills the restless spirit of the sea,—
The winds in silence her commands obey.

Sweet music from each slowly leafing tree
Sends soul-like sounds, to still the restless mind
With thoughts of love and glad tranquility,
The wounded heart with tenderness to bind.

From this far-seeing hill, that o'er the vale,
In stately grandeur bendeth to behold
Sight fairer than the page of Eastern tale
Could e'er to Fancy's raptured gaze unfold,

What wealth of beauty on the startled gaze
Bursts with the sweetness of a sudden song,
That lone-taught nightingale from flowery ways
Pours like a flood tumultuously along !

Beneath the Lugar glad in golden light
Of silvery sun, with overhanging woods
Of sweetest music, meets the raptured sight
Slow rolling to the sea its sunlit floods.

Filled with the varied hues of hopeful Spring
The sunny valley sleeps in peace below ;
Each silent glen with fairest raptures ring
Of warbling blackbird, while soft sounds of woe

At intervals are heard,—the annual wail
The melancholy cuckoo loves to pour
'Midst happier songs, like sadly sounding tale
The sounding seas tell to the pebbly shore ;

As if thro' Summer's joy and Autumn's bloom
The songster gazed with a prophetic eye,
And in far distance viewed fair Nature's gloom—
The misty hills lost in the cloudy sky :

Consumptive woods, painted by dull decay
With feeble bloom : the sadly sighing streams
That foam in vain : the darkly dying day
From which the clouds conceal the sunny beams :

Black, sunless mountains dipped in death-white snow :
Dim, leafless glens where restless torrents cry :
Dark, clouded heavens hid from starry glow :
Fierce seas that pour their fury to the sky.

Sweet cuckoo ! such is Nature : fair in face,
Yet ever sad in soul ; bright smiles and tears,
Sorrow and joy ; and in thy song I trace
The picture of our daily hopes and fears.

MAIDEN-HAIR.

BY JESSIE SALE LLOYD.

Author of "The Hazlehurst Mystery," &c.

BY the dashing waves stood a happy pair,
A youth, and a maid of beauty rare ;
And the maid espied some Maiden-hair,
So green and bright in a rock cave bare,
Drooping towards the water ;
The youth did there his love unfold,
In earnest words his tale he told ;
But the maid had read of deeds of old,
And longed to prove her lover bold ;
And the tangled sprays of Maiden-hair
Drooped on towards the water.

So the smiling maid for her answer gave,
That her love must prove both true and brave ;
And pointed towards the rocky cave :
And he swore for her the fern he'd save !—
Drooping towards the water.
The maid her lover no more saw ;
A wave, with mighty rush and roar,
Washed him away from the rock-bound shore ;
His place on earth was known no more :
And the tangled sprays of Maiden-hair
Drooped on towards the water.

And the maiden mourns for her lost, lost love,
And longs for their meeting-time above ;
And vows that she aye will faithful prove,
Watching the tendrils quiver and move,
As they droop towards the water.
While day by day she lingers there,
And silvery grows her raven hair ;
Whilst in her heart beats wild despair,
That she has lost a love so rare,
For a tangled spray of Maiden-hair,
Drooping towards the water.

IN THE TOWER.

BY FRANCES CANNOCK.

HIGH up in the old grey tower,
—The old cathedral tower,
Standing where the dust of ages
Gathers on the floor :
Looking down amid the silence
On a city, whose hoarse roar
Only reaches me like murmurs
Of the surf upon the shore.

Standing where the faces,
The quaint and beautiful faces
Of saint and angel, carven
O'er pillar, arch, and door,
Smile with the self-same quiet smile
Their stony features wore
When the sculptor's chisel left them
Six hundred years before !

High up in the old grey tower,
—The old cathedral tower,
I can fancy how he laboured,
That artist-soul of yore !
How, as the work went onward
He loved it more and more,
And wrought at it with the cunning
Of all his sculptor lore.

I can fancy how these faces,
The beautiful saintly faces,
Must have filled him with a reverence,
A holy, loving awe,
Like what we feel remembering
A dead mother, whom we saw
In our half-forgotten childhood,
Watching o'er us evermore.

High up in the old grey tower,
 —The old cathedral tower,
 Did he think, amid his labour,
 How, when life was o'er,—
 When his name should be forgotten
 Lie this dust upon the floor,
 And the temple that he wrought in
 Should be old and hoar,—

—Did he think then how these faces,
 The beautiful sculptured faces,
 Should witness to his patient zeal,
 And to the fruits it bore ?
 Recalling him who went forth
 Through the portals of a door
 Dark and silent, to Eternity,
 Six hundred years before !

THE HEUGH OF COUL.

BY FRANK MILLER.

DEAR Ochil glen ! to thee my fond thoughts turn—
 With wistful straining gaze methinks I see
 Once more, as in past days that tall larchtree,
 That mass of mingling foliage, that wild burn
 Dashing through rocks ; yea, I can e'en discern
 Fair wood-anemones that unto me
 Were friends I could not name, till one night *she*,
 Who was their friend and mine, raised an oak-fern
 And brought the sweetest of their kind to sight,
 And said, " Look down, here sleeps the favourite flow'r
 Of Nature's poet." Thoughts of many an hour
 Spent in the Heugh have compassed me to-night,
 And now I've scarce the heart to check the tears
 That blind my eyes as the glen disappears !

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

DESCENDED from two old Puritan families of New England Nathaniel P. Willis was born at Portland, in Maine, on 20th January, 1807. His father was the founder of "The Puritan Recorder," a religious journal, published in Boston, and of the "Youth's Companion," printed in the same city. During the poet's childhood his parents removed to Boston, where his sister, afterwards known as "Fanny Fern," was born. At the Latin School in Boston, and at Philips Academy in Andover, he pursued his studies until he entered Yale College in 1823. While yet at College he won a high reputation by a series of "Scripture sketches" and a few brief poems. He graduated in 1827, and in the following year he published a poem delivered before the Society of United Brothers of Brown University. In 1828 he was elected editor of "The Token" and established "The American Magazine," which was contributed to by several young men who have since distinguished themselves; his own contributions being of all the contents the most popular. In 1830 this magazine was united to the "New York Mirror," and the poet was retained as one of the contributors. In 1832 he sailed for Europe, and was absent for several years. He travelled over Great Britain, and visited the most interesting portions of the continent, mixing largely in society. The result of his travels was given to the world in a series of letters which appeared in "The Mirror" entitled "First Impressions." The "Mirror" was then under the editorship of General Morris, author of the ever popular song "Woodman, spare that Tree," and contributed to largely by William Cullen Bryant. These letters were collected and republished in London as "Pencillings by the Way," and on their appearance were violently attacked by Captain Marryat in a monthly magazine of which he was editor, and by Mr. Lockhart in the "Quarterly Review," on account, it is said, of their too great freedom of personal detail. Notwithstanding these attacks they had a wide circulation. Sometime in 1835, while yet in England, he was married to a highly cultivated and amiable lady.

He remained in this country until 1837, and published a collection of tales and sketches written for a London magazine under the signature of "Philip Slingsby." These "Inklings of Adventure," as the collection was titled, were well received. On his return to America, in the same year, he retired to his seat on the Susquehanna, named in compliment to his beautiful helpmeet, "Glenmary"—a spot surrounded by all that could foster the imaginative flights of a poetic mind. Here for two years he remained in blissful solitude, undisturbed by literary cares; his only companion in his wanderings by the banks of the rolling river, or beneath the shadow of the spreading trees that sheltered his home, his fair, young wife. The editorship of "The Corsair," a literary gazette, having been offered to him, he entered the field with renewed vigour, and for some months contributed largely, both in prose and verse, to its pages. Towards the close of 1839 the desire to travel again took possession of his soul, and he again visited London, where he published his "Loiterings of Travel," in three volumes, an illustrated edition of his poems, and his "Letters from under a Bridge." In 1840 he retired for a second time to his home at Glenmary, where he resided, so far as we can gather, contributing meanwhile to the magazines and newspapers of the day, till his death, which occurred in 1867. As a poet his language is pure, varied, and rich, and his imagination brilliant. His genius is undoubted, and his descriptions of natural scenery are written pictures. His dramatic poems have been very successful and exhibit a deep acquaintance with the common sympathies and passions, and are full of imagery and descriptive power.

That the reader may judge of the poet's varied styles we cull promiscuously some extracts from his published poems, passing over his "Scripture Sketches," among which are "David's Lament for Absalom," "Hagar in the Wilderness," and "The Widow of Nain," all too well known to need comment; and for our first take a stanza or two from the poem, in blank verse, headed "The Grave of a Child."

The unopened bud has been transplanted to fairer bowers where no chilling blast comes to blight or scatter its tender leaves. Hither to that flower-strewn resting place the father wends his

way—above him the sun, the air musical with the song of birds—his heart bereft of all sunshine and song now that in the silence of death is hushed that voice whose every tone was music in his ear. The spot is dear to him—here in summer hours he retired, and amid its holy calm thought how like asleep death would seem surrounded by so much loveliness. Now it is made dearer still by the little grave that hides the “wee” sweet face from his tear-dimmed eyes.

“How can I leave thee—here! Alas, for man!
The herb in its humility may fall
And waste into the bright and genial air,
While we—by hands that minister’d in life
Nothing but love to us—are thrust away—
The earth flung in upon our just cold bosoms,
And the warm sunshine trodden out for ever.

Yet have I chosen for thy grave, my child,
A bank where I have lain in summer hours,
And thought how little it would seem like death
To sleep amid such loveliness. The brook
Tripping with laughter down the rocky steps
That lead up to thy bed, would still trip on,
Breaking the dread hush of the mourners gone:
The birds are never silent that built here,
Trying to sing down the more vocal waters:
The slope is beautiful with moss and flowers,
And far below, seen under arching trees,
Glitters the warm sun on the village spire,
Pointing the living after thee. And this
Seems like a comfort, and, replacing now
The flowers that have made room for thee, I go
To whisper the same peace to her who lies
Robb’d of her child and lonely. * * *

When the smile
Steals to her pallid lips again, and Spring
Wakens the buds above thee, we will come

And, standing by thy music-haunted grave,
Look on each other cheerfully, and say :—
' A child that we have loved is gone to Heaven,
And by this gate of flowers she pass'd away ! ' ”

The sight of boyhood in its innocent games bounding over the green meadows, jumping and swinging, awakens in the poet's breast thoughts of his own happy boyhood ; and though now bowed down with the weight of years, his brow furrowed and his locks silvery, he all but joins in the merry ring. He feels it does him good to look on such a scene, to hear the ringing voices and see the light of pleasant eyes ; and so he forgets for the time the cares that distract, the hollowness of the world's friendship ; and from a heart with somewhat of a boy's gladness stirring its depths he sweetly sings :—

“ I love to look on a scene like this
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old
And my locks are not yet gray ;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

Play on, play on ; I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring ;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing ;
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smother'd call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go,
For the world at best is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low ;

But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
 In treading its gloomy way ;
 And it wiles my heart from its dreariness
 To see the young so gay."

Throughout all his wandering years—amid the gaiety of France—the deathless arts of Italy—the crumbling palaces of Rome, and on the classic plains of Greece, there was one to whom his thoughts turned ever,—of whom he dreamt more fondly than lover or loved one,—and that one was—his mother. With a boy's love he loved her still ; and now on leaving Europe for the land of the West, taking with him his young wife, he sings of her, his mother, with a fondness that reveals somewhat of the warm heart that throbbed within his breast. Mother ! the name is dear to him ; it is fraught with memories of the past—with dreamings of fame and of a future fair and bright ; of struggles with the tempter overcome because her good angel was never absent from his side, and of holier aspirations because his heart was knit to hers and his name daily on her lips at a throne of grace. He anticipates their meeting—he knows it will be speechless—that eyes will be brimful of tears as they gaze on each other's form and trace the changes time has wrought. At last, forgetful of self, he pleads, not in vain we trust, that her heart will have room for the sweet maiden now leaning on his arm, and who now is dearer to him than her who watched his infant steps and soothed his infant griefs,—that having left all—the home, the friends of whom she was the light and joy—she claims a share of that heart and love which up to this moment had only a place for her wayward wandering boy.

"Dear mother ! in thy prayer to-night
 There come new words and warmer tears !
 On long, long darkness breaks the light—
 Comes home the loved, the lost for years !
 Sleep safe, oh, wave-worn mariner !
 Fear not, to-night, or storm or sea !
 The ear of heaven bends low to *her*,
 He comes to shore who sails with me !

* * * * *

Dear mother ! when our lips can speak—
 When first our tears will let us see—
 When I can gaze upon thy cheek,
 And thou, with thy dear eyes, on me—
 'Twill be a pastime little sad
 To trace what weight Time's heavy fingers
 Upon each other's forms have had—
 For all may flee, so feeling lingers !
 But there's a change, beloved mother !
 To stir far deeper thoughts of thine,—
 I come—but with me comes another
 To share the heart once only mine.

Thou on whose thoughts, when sad and lonely,
One star arose in memory's heaven—
 Thou who hast watch'd *one* treasure only—
 Water'd *one* flower with tears at even—
 Room in thy heart ! The hearth she left
 Is darken'd to lend light to ours !
 There are bright flowers of care bereft,
 And hearts that languish more than flowers—
 She was their light, their very air—
 Room, mother ! in thy heart !—place for her in thy prayer.'

Nature in her varied aspects—the opening flowers—the warbling birds—the rolling rivers—the changeful skies—the mighty forests—had charms for the poet,—were looked upon with a poetic heart and eye, and described with a faithfulness only equalled by the elder Bryant. His it was to hold communion with Nature and through her with Nature's God.

“ To go abroad, rejoicing in the joy
 Of beautiful and well-created things ;
 To love the voice of waters, and the sheen
 Of silver fountains leaping to the sea ;
 To thrill with the rich melody of birds
 Living their life of music ; to be glad

In the gay sunshine, reverent in the storm,
To see a beauty in the stirring leaf,
And find calm thoughts beneath the whispering trees."

And when the heart was sick and wearied, and hope thirsted
for "serener waters," he could go

"Forth to God's wild-wood temples, and, while all
Its choirs breathe music, and its leafy aisles
Are solemn with the beauty of the world,
Kneel at its unwrought altar, and the cup
That holds the 'living waters' will be near."

In his retirement at Glenmary how pleasantly passed the hours,
and days, and weeks. There, with a heart brimful of content, he
felt nearer God; and in the love of those under whose smiles
he basked, home was in very truth a foretaste of heaven.

"I have enough, O God! my heart to-night
Runs over with its fulness of content;
And as I look out on the fragrant stars,
And from the beauty of the night take in
My priceless portion—yet myself no more
Than in the universe a grain of sand,—
I feel His glory who could make a world,
Yet in the lost depths of the wilderness
Leave not a flower unfinish'd.

Rich, though poor!
My low-roof'd cottage is this hour a heaven:
Music is in it—and the song she sings,
That sweet voiced wife of mine, arrests the ear
Of my young child awake upon her knee.

* * * * *

All in this little home, yet boundless heaven,
Are in such love as I have power to give,
Blessed to overflowing."

Our last is entitled "May," and is as full of music and poetry as the month is of sunshine and song. We give it without comment.

"Oh, the merry May has pleasant hours,
And dreamily they glide,
As if they floated like the leaves
Upon a silver tide :
The trees are full of crimson buds,
And the woods are full of birds,
And the waters flow to music
Like a tune with pleasant words.

The verdure of the meadow land
Is creeping to the hills,
The sweet blue bosom'd violets
Are blowing by the rills,
The lilac has a load of balm
For every wind that stirs,
And the larch stands green and beautiful
Amid the sombre firs.

There's perfume upon every wind,
Music in every tree,—
Dews for the moisture loving flowers,—
Sweets for the sucking bee :
The sick come forth for the healing South,
The young are gathering flowers,
And love is a tale of poetry
That is told by golden hours."

In the death of our poet America lost one of her few gifted sons of song. As a prose writer his essays and sketches are distinguished for purity of style and finish ; while his poems, more especially those in blank verse, excel in melody. As we rise from the perusal of his poetical remains we feel that we have indeed been in the company of a true poet,—one above whose grave we could drop a tear and sigh for the sound of a voice now silent and songless.

WILD ROSE.

A VISION.

BY M. LOWIN.

AROUND a tall and stately pile,
Behold a motley crowd—
The rich, the poor, the old, the young,
All join in praises loud.

That pile, so lofty that but few
Have gained its topmost peak,
A woman mounts, with fearless air,
And proudly flushing cheek.

Until at length halfway she stops,
To view the crowd below—
Erect she stands, with haughty mien,
Her eyes with triumph glow.

She sees the throng's admiring gaze,
The world is at her feet ;
They bow beneath her—but with scorn
Such homage doth she greet,

Then turns away ; and now her head—
Before erect and proud—
Beneath a load of misery
Like bruised reed is bowed.

Those radiant eyes have now become
Fixed as in dull despair ;
Triumph and scorn have given way
To look of weary care.

What means that change, which seems to pierce
The soul's deep hidden chord ?
What means that disappointed look
When all the world applaud ?

Amongst that crowd her searching glance
Had sought one face alone ;
She proudly climbed that *he* might see
The world her talents own.

But 'mid the throng her young love strayed,
Careless and heedless by,
Too busy with his own delights
To lift his glance so high.

Yet she, with strong determined will,
Stepped higher still, nor turned
Until she gained the top, and wore
The laurel wreath well earned.

Then once again she looked for him,
And this time met his gaze
Full of the proudest, tenderest thoughts—
The thoughts of other days.

Her heart beat high, what cared she now
For the world's vain hollow praise !
She had trodden Fame's high pinnacle,
A dear dead love to raise.

Alas ! vain hope ; one moment he
With outstretched hands drew near ;
Then turned away ; *nor dared* to claim
The heart that held him dear.

He could not credit that the love
He slighted long ago,
Still constant thrilled in the heart of one
The world had flattered so.

He should have known a woman's love
Once kindled could not fade—
The laurel of Fame was only won,
That it might at his feet be laid.

No longer cared she now to stand
 On the proud height of fame ;
 Her heart grew sick as the worldings still
 Lauded her brilliant name.

When to her heart there softly stole
 The sound of a soothing voice ;—
 “Come unto me, thou weary one,
 In thy Saviour’s love rejoice.”

It was enough ; her weary heart
 Grew light, and the wondering throng,
 Who lately had her praises sung,
 Heard her break forth in song.

SONNET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “BETHUNE.”

LIVES there no life to voyage abreast of mine
 Haply some little way ; that so this din
 Of mingling thoughts, that restless twine within
 May by communion sweet ‘find ease and less repine ?’

A soul, whose keen perception—glance profound,
 Whose gleams some rare-recurring hour affords—
 Whose rippings of the heart, defying words—
 Straight, with unerring flash, to their hidden springs might
 sound ?

Dreams ! Ah, my dreams ! Yea, each must wend alone,
 While to the right and left the battle rages ;
 Or shape their course by self-adoring sages
 Who, puffed with fine tissued lies, have lost longtime their
 own.

THE STORY OF THE BROOK.

BY MAGGIE FEARN.

I DALLY in the dingles where the harebells blow,
Deep in the shady shallows where the lilies grow ;
And the lichens of amber, scarlet, dusk, and grey,
Blossom on the ruins, where the sunbeams play ;
Silver are the starlets on the hawthorn tree ;
Graceful the waving of the wood anemone ;
And disks of the buttercups, beneath the moonlit gleams,
Gild my bankings like the glow of glancing sunset beams.

I babble thro' the meadows, where the wheat towers high,
And reapers rest their sickles as I ripple by ;—
For I chatter—chatter—chatter 'mongst my beds of reeds
Of the blossoms in the dingles and the woodland weeds.
While the workers wonder wistfully for daylight's death ;
And bare their heated foreheads to my cooling breath.
Come, come and woo me by the golden harvest sheaves,
Where zephyrs kiss the bloom from off the crisping leaves ;
And fretful willows bend their branches with a sigh
To dusk retreats of river flags that thrive hard by ;
I chase a thousand leaflets round my countless curves,
And scarcely pause to bear them where my current swerves,
But leave them on the net-work of my pebble bed—
Faint shadow wraiths to witness summer hours have fled !

High on the silver mountains, that the cloudlets kiss,—
Where first born rays of morning woo the wilderness
Of tangled towering firs, and poplar's stunted shade,
And thickly phalanxed forests, where the asus fade ;—
I revel in my home 'mongst the wild unpeopled heights,
Where the shyest of the lover birds his song indites !
Ne'er a human foot may venture where I bound and spring,
And capture countless brooklets in my wandering :
Chasing—chatting—calling—flashing, never tired or still,
I flash a thousand thoughts, the dawning days to fill !

I sang my summer songlets by a cottage home,
And lift my tossing spangles with a feather foam ;
For two dove eyes, with wistful yearning, caught my love
From out a casement, with a wild rose wreath above ;—
And bright plumed butterflies, about the blooming bower,
Sorrowed, in fancy, for a fair, but fading flower !—
I knew the deepened shade of pain, when hope's moon dies,
Had veiled the lustre in those patient dove-like eyes ;—
I knew that sorrow's chalice to those lips was pressed,—
That beauty loving Venus might have love caressed !—
When spring morns—crowned with violets—flashed the
lattice old

I gathered gladly all my costliest wreaths of gold,
And flung them for her favour. And when summer suns
Warmed in the western sky, and saintly convent nuns
Chanted an evening vesper in their sweet repose,
I wooed the crimson mists that from the meadows rose,
And lavished them in servile worship on the banks
Where flush of moss, and down of fern the brown earth
pranks.

But one bright primrose morning, when the star dials paled,
And tireless larks the first breath of the rose inhaled ;
Babbling in mirth beneath the dew-starred casement sill,
I peeped within ;—there lay the maiden—cold and still !—
Marble the pulseless brow, a breathless hush had birth—
Closed were the dove-like eyes for ever on the earth !
Yet o'er the slender form there reigned a nameless glow,
An angel presence, watching in this vale below—
A bright shade from the spirits on the golden strand—
And on the lips—fair chiselled by the Maker's hand,—
The radiance of a holy smile, that held and awed,
Like cherubs resting on the altars of their God !

Hushed was my mirthful babble, and my banks—most dear,
Waved their long grass, with sighs, to wipe my spraying tear
Grief-drawn. And pebble stones to hear my sobs of woe
Peeped from their cloistered shade and dim repose below,
And murmured wonderingly ! While I—soul-sad unsoothed

Onward, toward my home of many waters, moved.
 Passed hundred scenes, erst smile wooed, noiseless—heedless
 by,
 Knolls, dear, familiar; glens, gorse crowned, unconsciously!
 And from my sheltered shallows, shy pure buds and flowers—
 Lilies that bloom, and shape their cups in summer hours—
 I bore from out their cradle,—crispt with ice of foam—
 And carried them, grief loving, to her cottage home!
 “Our blossom,” moaned the singing birds, “has droopt and
 died!”
 Each leaf the story whispered; and each zephyr sighed:
 Till, desperately warring with my woe, I fled
 And plunged my weight of sorrows in the river’s bed!

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

BY FANNY AIKIN-KOETRIGT.

Author of “Anne Sherwood.”

RESTING in this happy valley,
 From the battle field of life,
 Breathing for a little moment,
 From the tumult and the strife!

Laying by the heavy armour,
 Laying down the lance and spear,
 Putting off the brazen helmet,
 With no foe to grapple near.

Resting from the noise and clamour,
 Shaking off the dust and soil;
 Wearied with the breathless struggle,
 Fainting from the ceaseless toil—

Oh ! the welcome of the greensward,
And the shadow of the trees,
And the murmur in the branches,
Of the ever sighing breeze.

Be there sun, or be there shadow,
Be there radiant sky, or cloud,
If the lark be mute, or singing,
If the wind be soft, or loud ;

Welcome, even rain-drops falling,
On the flowers and on the grass,
They may be the angels weeping
Tears of pity, as they pass.

Come what may, this happy valley
Is a sabbath to the soul,
From the sunrise to the setting,
As the silent minutes roll.

Giving strength to bear and suffer,
When the morrow comes to bring
Mandates from the voice of duty,
To be up, and labouring.

To put on the shield and helmet,
Take the heavy sword again,
March with firm step to the battle,
Do and dare, whate'er the pain.

Where the voice of honor calls me,
Where the field of action lies,
Looking onward to the guerdon,
On the hills of Paradise.



ISLE OF THE SHAMROCK.

BY T. C. S. CORRY, M.D.

THROUGH Erin's Isle,
 To sport a while,
 Where joys sublime are beaming,
 We'll take a flight,
 Where landscapes bright
 In beauty's garb are gleaming,
 'Mid sunny vales,
 Through flowery dales,
 And fields renowned in story,
 Tho' nought remains
 But barren plains,
 To tell of former glory.
 Isle of the Shamrock ! the dear immortal Shamrock !
 Where'er we be
 We'll cling to thee,
 Isle of our native Shamrock.

And as each scene,
 Of Emerald green,
 In fairest tints is glancing,
 Or mountain stream,
 In golden beam,
 Through rocky glen is dancing,
 The tuneful lays
 Of other days
 Shall tinge our souls with sadness,
 Or cause the tear
 To disappear,
 And fill each heart with gladness.
 Isle of the Shamrock ! the dear immortal Shamrock
 Where'er we be
 We'll cling to thee,
 Isle of our native Shamrock.

LOVED AND LOST.

BY MARIE ASTON.

THE grass was green and dry, love,
And bright the purple heather,
The day that you and I, love,
First trod these hills together.
You watched the sunset glowing
Behind the mountain peak,
I only saw the flowing
Of love-light to your cheek.

The heath is sodden wet, love,
And Autumn leaves are falling,
But here I linger yet, love,
The sweet sad past recalling.
My heart and I are lonely,
But still no love I crave,
For thine, that I prized only,
Lies with thee in the grave.

A POETIC PRAYER.

(Written for and inscribed to Robert McHardy, Musical Composer, Edinburgh; author of "The Enchanted Maiden," a cantata; "The Shipwreck," &c.)

THOU whose presence fills the heavens above,
Whose light the earth below;
From whom all streams of radiant life and love
In peace eternal flow;

The one great source of all things sweet and pure
In sky, and earth, and air ;
Whose kingdom thro' all ages shall endure,
Whose might all things declare ;—

Be Thou our hope, the goal of all our life,
Our gracious guiding-star ;
Thro' all our weary ways of care and strife
Near, though Thou seemest far.

Cleanse Thou our hearts, that we may come to Thee
More worthy of Thy sight ;
Direct our paths that we may ever be
Towards Thy holy light.

In sorrow's sadness may thy presence bright
Gleam on our gloomy way ;
Shining in mercy thro' life's starless night
From Thine enduring day !

Give us the heart of Him who died that we
Might reach Thy holy land,
That in all darkness we may ever see
The workings of Thy hand !

Teach us Thy love, that we may ever find
A grandeur in the lowliest life on earth ;
Knowing that from Thy universal mind
All things had equal birth.

Be Thou our one great glory ; thy sweet Son
The love that sets us free ;
Till when our little day on earth is done
Our souls shall come to Thee !

DAVID R. WILLIAMSON.

THE INFANT'S GRAVE.

BY JAMES MCGILL.

A SNOWDROP on an infant's grave,
A dew-drop decks its head ;
And the robin sings from the willow tree
That mourns the little dead.

And all is still save that sweet song,
Still as the soft wind's breath ;
Still as the heart of that sweet babe
That sleeps so calm beneath.

Now wherefore does the robin sing
So cheerily and clear,
When all around is lone and sad,
And none there be to hear ?

And wherefore peer so blithe and keen
Thro' the air so pure and warm,
As if some angel form were seen,
Some soul it loves to charm ?

Ah ! methinks a spirit must be there
Some joyful little thing,
That flits thro' the blaze of the sun's bright ray
And lists to the sweet bird sing.

The spirit of that infant dear,
That sleeps within the tomb,
Comes from its home in the clear blue sky
To see the snowdrop bloom.

Since the above poem was written, the much esteemed young author
has departed to his rest at the early age of 22 years.

It loves to come when the dew-drops shine
 In the early morn and even,
 And then at night it wings its flight
 Away to a nightless heaven.

Oh, what a purity on earth !
 Oh, what a wondrous peace !
 Here living Christian wander oft,
 And let thy love increase.

And here let thy sad brother rove,
 Oh, may he linger near ;
 And learn to love the God of Love,
 Whom he was wont to fear.

THE FAITH OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

As shewn in the Catacombs of Rome.

BY AGNES STONEHEWER.

THROUGH dead men's dust or potters' crumbling clay,
 Or by the buried walls and tottering towers,
 We, with our boast of ever-growing powers
 Grope for that Faith which we have lost to-day.
 Why seek it 'midst the slow and sure decay
 Of bygone ages ? Does this time of ours
 But shrine within its ever-varying hours
 The ashes of a Faith long passed away ?
 Not so ! Faith lives : if we could only see
 Through all the dust and clouds of doubtful creeds
 Faith, as the Master taught us. Faith should be
 Not here, not there, not cross of wood, nor beads,
 But *expectation* in full hope, that we
 Are sheep whom the Good Shepherd loves and feeds.

"NEAR."

YES, I am near thee, darling,
Quite near, for I see thy face
With its glory of love, and the beauty
Of womanhood's youth and grace.

Was it thy love's low whisper
That roaming, found here its rest,
For I bid it so tenderly welcome,
And cherished the angel guest ?

Yes, I am near thee, darling,
Quite near, thou canst safely rest,
In the arms of a love that was mighty
To leave thee if so 'twere best.

Is it a look in thine eyes
So pleading, tender and true,
That I see in the shadows of dreamland
Which flicker, then bid me adieu ?

Yes, I am near thee, darling,
Quite near, though they deem us apart,
For the soul in the eyes of my visions
Still draws me to where thou art.

Was it a prayer for me, love,
That traversed the realms of space,
For I felt that my soul rose in answer
As if it thy soul could trace.

Yes, I am near thee, darling
Quite near, and with thee I pray
That our hearts may rise pure from sorrow's fire,
All bitterness purged away.

E.T.E.H.

MY GRAVES.

BY SPENCER RYDER.

DEAD darlings ! Linger in lonelier air
Than yours, nor sweeter to be breathed by me
Because in it I taste no hope, despair
Of death me seizes, lest I fail to be
Beside you soon, and dead. Ah, soon my grave
Save and receive me weary—whether there
Where worn and wan and loved, the gently brave
Whose rest would I were worthier son to share,
His Indian duty done and English, far
From England; in Italian earth sleeps sound
My father—or where, hushed the vulgar war
Of life, my cousin dreams he hears around
His grave a dim and distant music, made
Such souls to soothe, and murmured by the brook,
Bubbling along the garden, where we played
Together, boys and brothers—or where, look,
Below those blowing winds what wild waves rave,
And roar, nor gnaw the roots of Finnisterre
Like long and strong arms cradling there thy grave,
My brother, without me. . . . Be my grave there,
For far beneath these upper storms, a calm
Broods deep and pure, and everlastingly,
No noise arises, like a silent psalm
To Duty done, from depths where wastingly
The lower waters stir and kiss the bones
Gloom-gulphed, dim-glimm'ring, mixed with one another
Of our five hundred seamen, o'er whom moans
The upper ocean, round whom, and my brother,
Rots, rusts a giant iron skeleton,
The Captain. Coffined in their glory so,
Lo, how to watery dust they moulder on
And, famous, fade ! nor fades their story, no !
Old England now and then thinks of them, when

Within Saint Paul's their names flash from the brass
 On many, strangers, and on English men
 And women, ay, and children. All, we pass
 And part—to meet again? yes! in the past,
 When, where I live and die to buried be
 Beside my brothers, father, and at last
 My love who lives nor, living, loveth me.
 My love! Lost long ago, nor found, thy name
 I mention never, save in hopeless prayer
 Unto the God of Love that He from blame
 And shame may keep thee, keep from pain and care
 Of me remembered, and as merry make
 As miserable me. E'en while I pray
 To Him for her, and while for her sweet sake
 I pine and perish, hush! the holy day
 Dawns dim, delightful, falls on my white face
 In rays as red and pure to pierce as dare
 Her hushed and happy home, and fills the place
 And time with memories of when and where
 I wandered nearer her than this, and saw,
 Or thought I saw, my last sun set and rise
 Reddening the rocks, the river, and the raw
 Sea mists, and heard, methought, my own last cries.
There were I buried, would she scorn or dread
 My gentle ghost fresh from the darling dead?

 THE LADY CLARE.

BY M. F. WALKER.

WHY is our village church bedeck'd
 With flowers and banners gay?
 Is it for festival of saint
 Or other holy day?
 No! not for that the organ peals
 A joyful festive strain,
 It is the Lady Clare who comes,
 With her gay bridal train.

The bridegroom near the altar kneels
With groomsman closely by—
The priests are waiting reverently
The holy knot to tie—
And never was more lovely
More queenlike bride I ween,
Than she who now sweeps up the aisle
In silk and satin sheen,

But halt thee! lady dear, before
Those sacred vows you take,
And think of one whose manly heart
For love of you must break.
On him who loved you from his youth
Nor dreamt he loved in vain,
Believing in the love and truth
Which lieth foully slain :

Now all bereft of you he goes
In foreign lands to roam ;
An alien from his father's house,
And from his childhood's home.
Yet tossing your proud head, you say,
"Of many he is one,
And that the daughter of the Clares
Must wed an elder son."

O, Lady Clare! both bride and maids
Are very fair to see,
But what is that to those who mourn
A woman's constancy.
Gold may be yours and pride of place,
But you shall miss each day
A well-known voice, an honest face,
For love is lost for aye!

BEAUTY.

IT is our Cornish rainy season. From day-break until within the last half hour the window of my bedroom has been lashed with storm. But now, near the West, the dull canopy of vapour is breaking and rolling up, leaving a few bars of cloud; and through these the sun, brighter, as life may be, for many tears, smiles at once his greeting and his farewell for the day.

It is a splendid sunset. A few minutes have passed, and beyond the hills the western sky seems to stretch away like a sea of liquid fire, studded with islands of purple, burnt through with crimson, and shading off to gold. It seems to me, as I lie on my bed, that I have never seen anything so beautiful. And I watch this closing glory of a dreary day thinking, "Will my dreary life before it says 'good night' break into smiles, and look beautiful like this?"

The sun has set. By the side of my bed a little boy, nine years old, is reading the story of Hiawatha, of the dumb nations that have no history, whose "great men die and are forgotten." I have heard this quaint, sad music before, but it never seemed so sweet in sadness as now: for with myself I ponder and say, "Will my end be like the end of those men?"

The child has closed his book, and left the room. And now that I am alone I am asking myself, "What can this be that I called beauty in the sunset, and sweet in the story of Hiawatha; and why should this tinge of sadness make so much more beautiful that which I have seen and heard before?"

First I turn to an old MS. book of "Notes and Queries" which I made during my thought-life of 1871 and 1872, and there I find the following entry:—

"Of Beauty:—I first notice

(i), Different standards of beauty in different nations and individuals:

(ii), Different standards of beauty at different periods in the life of the same individual. (Fashions, for instance).

Therefore, concrete beauty is (i), adaptation to circumstance ; and hence (ii), that which is favourable to life, pleasure, &c. ; and (iii), (for abstract beauty), adaptation to circumstance of thought, feeling, &c. This second form of beauty is a higher development of the first. Poetry, for instance, is pleasing to me, and I call it beautiful, because its melodious thought fosters and is adapted to capacities and sensibilities which circumstance has created in me, which crave to be satisfied. So for beauty, as for countless other subjects, one definition will suffice—Adaptation to circumstance. The chimney-pot hat, the Grecian bend, the Alexandra limp, the Piccadilly strut, High Church and Low, clothes—all are found to be included within the above definition.”

This extract of 1872 appears to require very little modification in 1877 : it may very well stand as the enunciation of my proposition.

What sense of beauty have the lower forms of life ? (As usual, to have a knowledge of the course of a river we must trace it back to its fountain-head.) They have only so much as may be aroused by that which is an aid to existence, which satisfies a want. And from this point it is not too far to pass at one step to man ; and as a definition of what man means by the beautiful I unhesitatingly repeat, “That which is an aid to existence, which satisfies a craving ; the æsthetically beautiful has grown out of the practically useful.”

To the animal an object is beautiful or pleasurable in proportion as it satisfies its requirements ; that is, in proportion as it maintains or promotes the perfectness of the adjustment of the animal to its surroundings : indeed, emotion of the beautiful thus far may be included in physical ease and provender. And in the case of man, poetry (as instanced in the above extract) delights him something as provender delights the animal ; but the function of poetry is enlarged and elevated above that of provender : it nourishes and is adapted to the finer sensibilities and fuller capacities which later circumstance has created, which crave to be satisfied.

But I shall be asked to trace and describe every stage of the erection of this temple of beauty from its broad foundations of utility even to the uppermost pinnacles of the æsthetically beau-

tiful and good. To do this is impossible in the present essay. I shall seize upon a few graspable growths of contrast, and then ask the reader to recognise all the intermediate stages, just as when in the full grown man he tacitly admits the past years of infancy, childhood, and youth. Nor could the history of this building by any one be read in every detail. I could not determine the precise point at which battle for revenge took growth from off growths of self-preservation: and I might find it impossible to tell the date and the manner of the triumph of poetry over provender in arousing a sense of beauty. There is, however, one great era in the history: it is the period at which language becomes the handmaid of life.

But suppose I adhere to my illustrations, provender and poetry and examine their history alone: I shall find myself throwing light upon many periods apparently obscure. In distant ages behind I hear poetry "making a merry noise;" or it is a succession of thoughtless sounding syllables keeping time with dancing feet and jingling cymbals: or it is a still more thoughtless shout, or an inarticulate warble; or it is a cry. And provender carries me forward until I arrive at a stage where food taking is the outward form of a sacrament, at an age whose poet laureate, when he pictures a better age very much farther on, writes:

"And we shall sit at endless feast
 Enjoying each the other's good:
 What vaster dream can hit the mood
 Of love on earth?"

Whether this feast be supposed to consist of nectar and ambrosia, or of the still more heavenly food of love, matters little: we therein recognise food in its latest and best form of beauty.

Again I shall be asked, "But may not an object be beautiful in itself, independently of the pleasure it may give or the purpose it may serve?"—We shall see. If we examine some one quality, which is essential to the beauty of a natural object, size for example, then, first of all, some size is necessary: next, under certain conditions, the greater the size the greater the effect of

beauty given off from the object. But the pleasurable nature of this quality has the same origin: its delightful effect is due to a previous unacquaintance with, to a want of, size: to the fact that the observer has acquired susceptibilities which make the size of the object supply a want, or nourish those susceptibilities. If all his life he had lived within sight of some great mountain, and nothing else, its grandeur would inspire him less with delight: it would probably not affect him at all.

Here I have to notice that the essential of sensation is "difference:" that is, a succession of impressions, of different impressions, and, therefore, of more or less agreeable impressions. Pain is less pleasure or more pain, pleasure is less pain or more pleasure. So we may arrange evil and good, life and death,—all things that owe their existence to contrast with each other. It is the variety that makes the variety pleasing. We rejoice in early life because of our escape from nonentity: we rejoice at flowers because of former absence of flowers. If curved lines are more beautiful than straight, it is because they possess more variety. Applying this doctrine to beauty we again recognise the comprehensiveness of the definition "Adaptation to circumstance."

If an object may be said to be beautiful in itself, it is only in the sense wherein wheat is said to be good for food. No one will assert that wheat might be called good for food if no being had been created to eat it, if food had for ever been unrequired and unknown. No object can be considered beautiful apart from the intelligent observation which detects its beauty and acknowledges that a want has been supplied thereby. The sense of beautiful that appreciates, and the thing beautiful which is appreciated, have each of them called the other into existence, and each for existence is dependent upon the other.

That which is useful is useful for some, and that which is beautiful is beautiful for some. I remember seeing in a museum a model of the head of an infant belonging (I believe) to some African tribe. The forehead was flattened by a strange apparatus; and to my mind the appearance of the child's head thus flattened was hideous. But I understand that the natives of the country consider this deformity the greatest possible beauty. And I know that in some countries only very fat ladies are considered

beautiful, whereas in our own they would be called plain. But, more striking still, the comely hat of one year may be the hat hideous of the very next. And who shall decide (except in very general terms) whether the Gainsborough or the Pork-pie hat is the more beautiful. Canons of beauty there may be, but they are only such as are allowed by the inference that a more refined age will make better choice than an age less refined.

Abstract ideas of beauty are formed like other abstract ideas ; and, therefore, without further illustration, I shall apply to these as well the definition "Adaptation to circumstance." The *beau ideal* is nothing more than the contemplated individual of a species in whose single form are combined all the acknowledged graces, omitting all the defects, of the species ; to which collective graces there *may* afterwards be added all reasonably conceivable beauties ; such conceptions being arrived at by the aid of contrast.

Material objects first give us a sense of beauty ; and later in life's history the mental world discloses its charms. To whatever regions of abstraction we may soar, the fact that we have soared, that to reach the height we had to mount up through and then above the lower, that we have reached it in no other way,—this fact can never be lost sight of. All human emotions—all man has or knows, or probably will ever have or know—all is a growth ; and to circumstance the growth is due.

* * * * * *

It is past midnight. In the silence and the darkness I lie and ponder over what I have written :—Is this the whole truth ? surely, no : for

"We that are not all,
As parts, can see but part."

And am not I the man who amid spring flowers, or summer woods, or the golden wealth of Autumn ever would cry,

"Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee
And love Thee everywhere !"

No ; the truths of science are half-truths : all physical questions have metaphysical issues ; and where fact finishes may not other and even greater truths begin ? In this examination of beauty, knowledge led me on until I seemed to catch a glimpse of the beauty of Holiness ; and then she turn'd and left me. Only the heart may be my guide through the unknown Beyond. Even Shakspeare tells me from the past,

“There are more things in Heaven and earth. . . .
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

And now, after acknowledging and attempting to set forth the reasonableness of thus much of what little man calls “is,” I have to admit, and to point to, the fact that the infinite “may be” is more important still. “The path of induction, which is so safe a guide through the physical and historic fields, fades away in the skirting forests of the Infinite, and will lead no one to either the sanctuary of beauty or the temple of worship hid within the silent depths.”

MORE.

THE FADING LIGHT.

THE light is fading slowly,
Behind the distant hill ;
A stray ray seeks the church-yard near,
Then gilds the water-mill.

The homesteads lie in shadow
Amidst the verdant leaves ;
Where birds are raising twilight praise
Beneath the shady eaves.

At an open white-draped casement,
A woman waits to-night,
An aged face looks wistfully
On the fast failing light.

The brow is worn and wrinkled,
As by much earthly care ;
And blue eyes gaze out earnestly,
Beneath the snow-white hair.

She is watching with new-born hope
The last retreating rays,
For so soon all earthly beauty
Will have faded from her gaze,

And before once more the glory
Falls on the golden West
She will have reached the goal of life,
And found the promised rest.

For her no more earth's sun shall shine
On hill and country round,
Lighting the village church-yard near,
That spot of hallowed ground.

For within those sacred precincts,
Upon earth's peaceful breast,
So many that were dear to her
Have laid them down to rest,

And ere another day shall dawn,
Free from all care and pain,
In the bright and happy country
She will meet them all again.

So the golden sun sinks slowly,
Before her failing sight ;
And o'er Earth's peaceful features
Fall shadows of the night.

EVELINE.

THE CAVALIER'S FAREWELL.

BY W. F. JARMAN.

Many a gallant cavalier, many a youthful warrior, of some noble scion, who had fought long and bravely beneath the banner of their misguided monarch, bid a sad adieu to their bleeding and dishonoured country, as the last atrocious act of the bloody drama closed with the murder of the ill fated king.

MY native isle, my native isle !
That sinks beneath the distant night—
No more I'll glory in thy smile,
Or revel in thy beauties bright.
Thy smile is gone—thy beauties fled ;
To me thy once loved shores are dead.

Thy sun that rose so brilliantly
Within a denser night hath set ;
The blood red hues that marked him die
The patriot never can forget.
Oh ! that some future hour may bring
Another sun—another Spring.

Alas ! that such a glorious land
Should bow before a tyrant's power.
Alas ! that I should feel the brand
That blotted freedom in an hour.
Oh, souls debased ! Oh, land of crime !
I may not—cannot—call thee mine.

Away, away ! dark gloom, away !
The sun shall smile on thee again,
And the first morning of its ray
Shall change to joy the bitter pain.
But look within the brilliant Past,
And tell me if thy bonds can last ?

How bright the star of glory shone
On Harold's calm and noble brow,
When he, the kingly Saxon one,
Was crushed beneath a sterner foe.
He scorned the fetters of a slave,
And found a hero's honoured grave.

The Pagan's heart grew cold and chill
At the Crusader's dreaded name ;
He stormed the heights of Acre's hill,
And chased them o'er the bloody plain.
And shall my sinking heart despair
When I may gather courage there ?

Did not the princely Edward leave
A fame that nothing can efface ?
The Gallic sires his name may grieve,
That name, the glory of his race—
View Cressy's field, and Poitiers,
And ask them if the fame is theirs ?

And he, the pride of Lancaster,
Who conquered with a single blow,
His spirit yet may hover where
The record of his fame is now—
But turn to Agincourt, and see
Our proudest boast of chivalry.

And must I rouse such deathless themes
Without a prayer—without a hope ?
Ah ! no—they are not empty dreams
That tell how serfdom's bonds are broke.
A fearless heart—a dauntless hand
Must break the fetters of thy land.

And freedom yet shall see thee smile
 Beneath a brighter star again—
 'Tis not for long my native isle
 Shall groan beneath the galling chain.
 Thy sun—dark clouds may shroud, 'tis true
 But he at last will pierce them through.

Adieu ! adieu ! to thee, fond home,
 Glad scene of childhood's happy days !
 Adieu ! the exile's feet may roam,
 His heart with thee forever stays.
 My eyes grow dim—the teardrops swell—
 Mine own—my native isle—Farewell.

MORNING.

BY EDWARD LYDON.

ACROSS the sky steals a silv'ry glow,
 And light, the herald of the day appears.
 'Tis morn, and rising silently and slow
 The sun from off a bed of misty clouds
 Illuminates the sky, while far below
 The giant blue hills reflect the kindling ray,
 And tell the world of nature it is day.
 Then the eye roams o'er wood and hill,
 While birds the air with carols fill
 And endless praises sing.
 Such is the morn of human life—the sky
 Is lighted by the silv'ry glow of hope,
 While love, the great sun, looming high
 Lights the rude way up life's steep slope ;
 And on the hearts of kindred friends
 Reflected are the thoughts which love inspire,
 And the sweet music of contentment blends.

THAMAR CAREY.

BY G. BIANCA HARVEY.

CHAPTER X.

THERE is a keen wish in every heart to believe the best of those who are dear to us. In some cases the defalcation of the loved one from the path of duty has been the means of making a generous nature morose and hard. To one who, like Thamar, had but one interest in life, whose happiness was bound up in that of her lover, the daily pain of seeing the attentions by right hers appropriated by another, was a trial the most bitter.

A change seemed to have come over the quiet, silent girl—a restless spirit would lead her for miles along the lonely beach, regardless of wind and wave, till, wet and tired, she would return to her lonely fireside. Was it an aching heart, or a restless conscience? Seldom now did the young soldier cross the threshold, and rumour darkly hinted that the reason the heiress stayed so long at Polfreer was because she was not averse to her cousin's attentions.

Often when gay sounds of merriment were heard from the old Manor, a closely muffled figure might have been seen standing on the broken terrace under the shadow of the trees, following the movements of Frederick Tregore with untiring patience.

The evening before the final decision was to take place Frederick Tregore went to the cottage.

Taking the hand of the woman he loved in his, he said, "Thamar, this is terrible for both of us. My poor father—what can I do?"

"Fulfil his wishes."

"You say this to me!" repeated the young man incredulously.

"Yes, Frederick, engage yourself to your cousin."

"Do you not love me then, Thamar?"—and the dark eyes looked troubled.

"Above my soul," was the passionate answer; and the girl

pressed closer to her lover's side.

"Then do not say that again," whispered he tenderly, "or I shall not believe it."

"But I must" Then, as he started back hurt at her words, she continued, "Become engaged to your cousin. I promise that you shall never be Agnes Tregore's husband."

A fearful thought crept across the young man's mind, and he looked searchingly into his companion's eyes.

"You need not fear!" she exclaimed bitterly, "I do not intend to murder her."

"Murder, oh, no!" he said, ashamed at his momentary suspicion. "My darling, forgive me if I appear to doubt you."

"There is nothing to forgive. Do not try to understand me now. Go to your father, explain all, and tell him you will do his bidding. But tell him also, that I swear that Agnes Tregore shall never be your bride, and that whatever trouble falls on your head, it will be dealt by his hand."

"He loves me," remonstrated the son, "It is his pride Thamar, that keeps us apart."

"He has not spared me, and I shall not spare him," was the relentless answer.—then, with a sudden movement, the girl knelt down at her lover's feet.

"Frederick, do you know what your father has killed?"

"Thamar!"

"My soul."

"My love, you are not thinking what you say."

"He has ruined my soul," she exclaimed, with such sudden agony, that Frederick Tregore gazed in amazement.

"Will you forgive me if my hand shall ever be the means of giving you pain. Swear to me that you will pardon me all, all that I may make you suffer. You must!" she almost shrieked, as he gazed down on her in mute sorrow. "You must say it—one word, and then I can bear all—all the agony and remorse that will be mine."

The intense supplication in her voice was untold pain to her companion.

"I promise that whatever happens never, in thought or word, will I blame you."

A rash promise, but it was nobly kept, then, and ever.

A sigh of relief broke from the girl's lips.

"My darling, my darling, this must be our farewell. I cannot see you again as another's. Go away, anywhere; but let me be alone." She rose as she spoke, and looked with silent woe into the young man's face.

"I am not worthy of you," she said, "But I have loved you, how much I have not power to tell, but believe it."

"I do, I do Thamar," and with a groan Frederick Tregore bent forward and hid his face in his hands.

"I cannot comfort you," she whispered, once more kneeling at his side, "for my own heart is broken."

With a passionate gesture her lover turned, and clasped her in his arms. "I am a coward, Thamar, to leave you alone. My father——"

"No more, dear love, no more. I have looked on you for the last time—When next we stand face to face you will curse me, and these dear eyes will turn coldly from me."

"Never, never!"

A moan burst from the poor girl, and she sprang up.

"Eight!"

"Thamar, you will not forget me!" he exclaimed.

"Not while reason lasts. Hark! there is the knell to my happiness."

CHAPTER XI.

The next day was far spent when Frederick Tregore sought his father's room.

The old man looked up anxiously as his son came gloomily in.

"Father, I will marry my cousin"—There was bitter reproach in the tone, and his father rose.

"My boy, I knew you would not disappoint me."

"You have not to thank me. Do you think I would have given up my love!"

"Do you mean Miss Carey gave you up?" was the astonished question.

"Yes. And she sent a message to you."

"Ha! what was it?"

"She bade me say that Agnes Tregore should never be my wife; and that whatever future trouble comes upon me, will be dealt in consequence of your pride, and by your hand."

"An idle threat to annoy me," was the answer; but Martin Tregore looked uneasily round. "Your cousin is in the study. You had better seek her, for soon they leave for London. You will accompany them."

"Very well father. But one word. To gratify your pride and love of money, you have broken my darling's heart, and forced me into a marriage peculiarly distasteful to me. Heaven bless my darling; for she has proved herself nobler than you or I, in spite of birth and position."

"It is a young man's foolish fancy Frederick, which will fade away with time," rejoined the old man.

Feeling like a condemned criminal, Frederick Tregore sought his cousin; and in plain words, but without mention of love asked her to be his wife--and was accepted.

"It will not be a bad match mamma" she said afterwards to her mother, "Though he is not a rich man. I shall not have to change my name either. It was no use waiting for Sir William Beresford. As it is I am three years older than Frederick."

"You don't look it my dear," said her mother soothingly.

"No, I know. Fancy my cousin giving up that girl."

"Obliged to my love. Martin would have disowned him if he had persisted in the marriage."

"It is not flattering to me; but luckily I am not exacting. If I may go my way, he can go his—we are not likely to interfere with each other."

A few days later the four started for London, and Thamar knew that never again would they meet save as strangers. It was a cruel blow; but it was borne with a Spartan heroism that was invincible. Not a word, not a complaint passed her lips, but nature had her revenge for the severe trial put upon her. The upright figure grew thin and stooping; the grey eyes hollow, while the restless activity of her habits increased. There was no rest for the broken spirit. When others were reposing after the day's fatigue, calmly and peacefully, the smitten girl lay tossing on her bed; or sat with bowed head and prayerless lips at the little

chamber window, gazing with tearless eyes over the moonlit sea.

And so brooding over her wrongs the hard nature grew more morose and revengeful, day by day, towards those who had robbed her of her happiness and hope. Nor can she be utterly condemned. She had little to cheer and bless her, and her knowledge of the world had been drawn from the worst side of human nature. It is natural when we have been bereft of all but one treasure to cling the closer to it. Our whole being calls out against the harsh decree, that the joy of our existence, the star that shines forth out of the darkness of the night, be taken from us. Those whom fate has blessed with innumerable gifts cannot make the sacrifice willingly; how hard must it be then for the desolate! Let those who have suffered thus answer.

* * * * *

The first visitor to the lonely inmate of the cottage was Philip Conway; and a strange friendship seemed to bind the two together so dissimilar in character and pursuits. It brought a sharp pang to the honest heart of the young clerk as he marked the change in the desolate girl. The news of the new engagement had reached him in a short sad letter from Frederick Tregore, and the first thing he did, when he obtained three days leave, was to run down and see her.

"Miss Carey, I am sorry for you," he said.

"Philip, I was not worthy of him."

"Not worthy?"

"No, he was above me in every way. I had nothing but my poor love to give him."

"And that Miss Carey is worth more than all the world to him," said the young clerk earnestly.

A new light broke over the girl, as she raised herself and looked steadily in Philip's face.

"What do you mean?"

"I did not mean to say it, Miss Carey," he answered humbly.

"But it is true. He has always loved you."

"He told you?" she asked wonderingly.

"Yes, I had no right to speak about you I know, but I did not mean to offend you," he replied.

"Nor did you. And this shall be my atonement. Ere a year

is passed all will be changed. Hope on; there will come a dawn for you, the brightness of which will fully atone for all that is past. In that hour, pray for me for I shall need it." She raised her hand as she spoke like an inspired Prophetess, then with a harsh laugh turned to the window.

"Let us go out, Philip, I am choked here."

"Willingly," answered the young man, though much puzzled by her manner.

Along the wild picturesque beach they went; the woman silent and taciturn, the man pitiful and eager.

The day had been a glorious one. The blue sky had melted into a golden glory which was reflected on the rippling waters, and shallow pools which lay glittering on the rough beach.

"Truly this is a beautiful world," said Philip as they paused a minute to watch the sunset.

"Under some circumstances, yes."

"Do you think, then, that when we look upon nature its beauty seems to us fair or otherwise according to our frame of mind?"

"Certainly."

"It used to be a pleasant thought to me in the old times, that however we might change we had no power to deface the loveliness round us. often when I have felt depressed and annoyed I have looked out on the sky, and if it has been a fine day have felt cheered by the sunshine and brightness. I am a dreamer, Miss Carey, even now."

A sneer passed over Thamar's lips. Her companion's words woke no echo in her heart.

"You go beyond me," she said. "I have had no time for dreaming. My life has been so miserably real. Leave dreams for those who can sit with idle hands building up castles in the air to be shattered."

"You think me foolish," he said with a smile. "May be, but it pleases me even though I see its folly."

"You leave to morrow?" she asked abruptly.

"Yes, I shall not be able to come for some time."

A strange light came into Thamar's eyes.

"Then I will bid you farewell, Philip. Thank you for your friendship. When next we meet it will be at Agnes Tregore's

wedding. A fair sight to see. I shall be the uninvited guest," and a wild laugh rang from the girl's lips.

CHAPTER XI.

Gradually the excitement attending upon the discovery of the murder of Count Beautinois had died away, and the event was partially forgotten.

Now the affair was to be raked up, and the murderer discovered in the person of the fascinating Jerome Carey, the intimate friend of the accuser. It had only been of late the Baron had really ascertained that Carey was in truth the perpetrator of the heartless deed; and with consummate skill he managed to collect the evidence without exposing himself to remark. Slowly and surely the horrible details of the affair were placed on paper, word for word as it had happened; and the huge frame swelled and glowed with satisfaction when he reflected that his slave would once more feel the heavy hand of his master, this time surely and fatally.

A single thought of the poor little patient wife came across him, to be dismissed with a shake of the head, and a firm belief she would be the last to mourn her husband's death.

He did not know how dearly Blanche loved her heartless husband.

Many times had her parents written advising her to return home, and live with them; but she steadily refused. As long as he did not turn her out of the house, and there was enough to live on, Blanche determined never to leave him.

* * * * *

Martin Tregore was domiciled at his old friend's house in London. The journey had been undertaken in consequence of a bulky letter which had arrived written by Mr. Graham. For the first time for six years, the recluse left the old Manor to visit the busy city; but the interest he had once felt for the gay metropolis had gradually died away, and there was more of pain than pleasure in the renewing of old friendships and old habits.

The day before he returned home, he beckoned the young clerk into the study and bade him sit down.

"Philip," he said, "my friend has expressed himself well pleased as to your conduct. He has spoken to me on a subject which if I guess aright, will possess some interest to you, namely his daughter Rose."

Philip looked up eagerly.

"Aware that you young people have mutually fallen in love, he proposes to make you his partner in the business when old Mr. Fosset retires; and enable you thus to give his daughter a comfortable home."

The smile that illuminated the young clerk's countenance told plainly what the news was to him.

"I can scarcely believe it Sir," he said. "It seems so strange."

"Why?"

"Because of my birth and—name," faltered Philip.

A frown crossed Martin Tregore's face.

"I have not thought it necessary to enlighten him as to your antecedents. He believes you to be the son of a friend of mine."

The light faded from the young clerk's eyes, and he turned very pale.

"It was very kind of you sir, to wish to spare me the humiliation of such a confession; but I cannot ask for Rose Graham's hand unless I am able to feel I have not deceived her."

"This is perfect folly," was the old man's reply. "Your ridiculous notions of right and wrong will ruin you."

"I cannot help it sir," said Philip firmly. "I must not shrink from duty, or be guilty of a dishonest action."

"Well, do as you choose. Only don't blame me afterwards, that is all."

"No sir, but don't you see it is best?" pleaded the young man, craving for one word of approval.

"No, I don't," was the testy answer.

With a saddened heart, the young man turned away, knowing by experience it was useless to argue with Martin Tregore.

With some hesitation the next day Philip knocked at the door of his employer's private room.

"Can you spare me a few minutes sir?"

"Certainly; what is the matter?" he asked struck by the young man's serious face.

"Mr. Tregore spoke to me about your generous offer yesterday Sir. It was more than I even hoped or expected, believe me."

"You deserve it thoroughly, my dear boy. I would sooner give my Rosie to you than any man I know." The hearty approval in the father's voice touched the young man keenly. After a painful pause he said, "Sir, I cannot accept your kindness."

"Not accept it! Why? I believed you loved my daughter. Have you any other attachment?"

"No sir, I love your daughter dearly, but I—I"—the young man rose abruptly and walked to the window.

"What is the reason?" he said. "Are you in debt?"

"No sir, I should not have so abused your confidence!" said Philip proudly. Mr. Graham's momentary doubt faded away beneath the glance of the frank blue eyes and manly bearing.

"I believe you Mr. Conway; then why your refusal to agree to my proposals?"

In his quick impulsive way Philip spoke.

"Mr. Tregore told you sir, I was the son of a friend of his, who had left me to his care. It is not true. My father is unknown."

"What made you tell me this?" said his employer quietly.

"Sir!" exclaimed Philip wondering at the question.

"What was your object in revealing a thing Mr. Tregore wished to keep secret, and thus ruining your prospects?"

With sad earnestness Philip spoke.

"Sir, I will never willingly deceive anyone. I had no right—it would not have been honorable to accept your daughter's hand, knowing well I had no claim to the name or position I hold."

There was a silence for some minutes, then Mr. Graham rose, and crossing the room laid his hand on the young man's shoulder.

"Philip Conway," he said, "I have hitherto respected you for your honesty and careful way of doing your business. This affair has placed you in a new light; and I honour you from my heart for the nobleness of character you have displayed. It was a great temptation, and one which very few would have resisted. I only say the truth when I tell you that I would gladly trust my daughter to you whatever or whoever you may be."

Philip grasped his employer's hand.

"I will send my little Rosie to you," he said. "She is a lucky girl to win the affection of such a man."

(To be Continued.)

SORROW-SLAIN.

BY H. KNIGHT.

"**R**EJOICE, oh, young man ! in thy youth :
Yea, scorn the sage preacher's false fears ;
But the sunshine of life, bitter truth,
May end in a torrent of tears."

It is marvellous man should make mirth,
When life is so bitter and brief,
While the end of his days upon earth
Is made dark by the grave and great grief !

And who shall that prison uncloze,
To release his frail dust ? Heav'n forbend,
That who goes to the grave full of woes
Shall be mated with grief to the end.

* * * * *

Thus mused I sad-hearted by day :
But at night dreamt that hov'ring o'erhead,
A bright angel chased sadness away
By comforting truths which he said :

"As silver is tried in the fire,
So man is made perfect through pain
And God for himself doth desire
The service of souls sorrow-slain."

REVIEWS.

"BJORN AND BERA," by B. Montgomerie Ranking (Remington and Co., Arundel Street, Strand).—We are glad to see that this poetical legend has already found many admirers among the Press Critics, for it well deserves the praise which has been bestowed upon it. The plot is laid in Norway, where

"—streams in summer joyously
Leap to the Summer fjords ; "

and the poem contains brilliant descriptions, and dainty touches of Nature, such as "make the whole world kin." Added to this the lines flow smoothly and melodiously, without jar or halt to offend the most sensitive poetical ear.

Hring, King of Scamness, at the solicitation of his courtiers, consents to take for his second wife a maid called Snow-white, the daughter of a "witch queen." Now Snow-white, being young and dainty, wearies speedily of the old king's love, and sighs for Bjorn, his son by his first marriage. Her unholy affection, however, is not responded to by the youth, who has long loved Bera, a maiden in her train. Then the young queen, mad with jealous passion, and eager to prevent Bjorn's approaching nuptials, by the influence of her mother's spells changes the fair-haired youth into a brown bear, dooming him by day to range the forest under that guise, while at night he is permitted to assume his human form. The meeting of Bera with her lover during his disguise, is the most poetical portion of the poem. Wandering in the forest at even-tide, she is met by the bear, and, thinking he may know where her lord is in hiding, determines to seek his lair, regardless (lover-like) of danger.

" With that her communing she stopped,
And one white hand so wearily
Upon the shaggy head she dropped,
As, footing forth full drearily,
She left the ring with that strange guide
That, treading slowly at her side,
Still strove to make her all the cheer
A beast might make, and quell her fear
With gracious fawning, as his head
Were bent to kiss where she might tread,

And gazing up with wistful eyes—
 It seemed to her as words must rise
 To that dumb mouth, to tell the care
 That wrought within him ; so they passed,
 The maiden and the wild, brown bear,
 Along the sward, where long and fair
 The last rays of the sun were cast.

* * * * *

Oh, blue and bright, with a dying glow
 Midsummer skies to night were changing,
 But there was darkness down below,
 Where Bera and her mate were ranging ;
 And, as they gained that dreary place,
 The sun, that whilom wane apace,
 Dropped utterly, and she, swift-praying,
 Half shrieked, her body backward swaying,
 For her white hand rested on golden curls,
 And strong lithe arms were round her knees,
 And the tall rock swayed with wildering swirls,
 And a murmur of blessing swept through the trees,
 And her quest was done, and her tears were sweet,
 And Bjorn was kneeling beside her feet."

We must leave readers to discover for themselves the fate of the lovers and the jealous queen. Suffice it to say that the plot is well worked out, and that passages of great power and sweetness are discernible throughout. There is a charming *quaintness*, too, in the telling of the legend, which enhances the interest considerably. "Bjorn and Bera" is the most poetical poem we have received for a long time.

"THE KEEPING OF THE VOW, AND OTHER VERSES," by H. T. Mackenzie Bell (Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row).—A young poet's first volume is (or should be) handled by critics not so much with reference to the merits or demerits of the poetry contained in it, as to the promise therein given of the after-fruits of the author's pen. Bearing this in mind, we open Mr. Bell's volume of verse, and are agreeably surprised to find so few of the weaknesses usually lying on the surface of such ventures, and so much of the promise of good things to come.

"The Keeping of the Vow" is only one of a collection of brief poems, or, as the writer modestly calls them, verses. We naturally turn to this first, as it is particularized upon the cover, and find that it is a poetical rendering of the famous gallantry of Sir James Douglas, who, when he found the Moors, in a certain battle well known to readers of history, were fast routing the Christian forces, and he himself likely to be slain, flung the casket containing the heart of Robert Bruce far among his foes, exclaiming:—

"Press on, brave Heart, as thou wert wont; I follow thee or die!"

But this poem is not the gem of the collection; for, on carefully going through the whole, we find that the author's forte lies in song-writing, rather than in narrative composition. Just as one artist excels in figure-painting, another in landscape, a third in still-life, and so on, we find invariably that each poet and writer of verse has his own particular groove, in which, for the sake of his future fame, he would do well to keep. Unfortunately, however, an author is often no judge of the varied degrees of power which he possesses; and this will explain the consignment of the best compositions to the close of a volume, a place which they often occupy, to the wonder of readers, and often, alas! to be totally overlooked by reviewers. This misplacement is no maiden fault of the inexperienced only, for Tennyson and Swinburne have both thus erred in matured collections. "Mr.— has brought out a volume much below his usual standard," we heard a friend say a few days since—"I only read the first dozen pages, but I saw"—"My dear fellow," interrupted his companion impatiently, "if you had only turned over another page you would have seen differently!" Following this advice, we read on page after page of the work before us, and meet with our reward when we come upon the Songs and Miscellaneous Pieces: where the versification is smoother, the thoughts occur more thickly, and the "verses" become something *more* than ordinary dead, inanimate desultory stanzas, for they are quickened by the fair spirit of Poetry herself. Briefly, there is a *soul* in these songs, a heart throbbing and thrilling beneath, whose beats are almost inaudible in the earlier half of the volume. The following extract will appeal to all readers, and is a fair specimen of the tone and talent throughout:

"When Summer's sweetest influence
Is shed o'er plain and hill,
And Nature gains her recompense

For working Winter's will,
We feel a void—a weary sense
Of something wanting still.

In Autumn, when each searing leaf
With sorrow aye is fraught,
And every garnered golden sheaf
Yields fruit for saddest thought—
We feel a void—our spirit's grief
For something vainly sought.

When Winter, with his ice-cold hand
Grasps giant-like the ground,
And stiff and stark lies all the land,
In frost's firm fetters bound,—
We feel a void—we understand
'Tis something still unfound.

When Spring returns with fairest face,
Filling the earth with song—
And gladness seems in every place,
And love and life are strong,—
Ah, me ! e'en then we fail to trace
The dream for which we long."

Again—there are some poetical and philosophical lines contained in the poem entitled "The heart's Summer." We quote the concluding stanza :

" Sweet is the wondering world's applause
When fame at last hath found us,
And (guerdon for toil in a righteous cause)
Flings victory's wreath around us.
But sweeter far is a heart at rest,
A heart ne'er soured by sadness—
Which throbs within a blissful breast
With a God-imparted gladness."

It is scarcely necessary to point out that there are lines and passages in this collection which in maturer years the author will condemn and discard. We have to search for the gems and portions worthy a place in our memory, and we have in selecting the gold to let slip the dross in which it is enveloped, but when found the gold is well worth preservation, and the gems are worthy their setting. The price of

this volume is 2/6. By the way, in cover, size, etc., it is almost a counterpart of Tennyson's first venture. May the young poet live to win some of such laurels as have fallen to the lot of our Laureate.

"BETHUNE," a romantic tragedy by Edmond Merrick, (Remington & Co., Arundel Street, Strand). Our readers have often noticed brief poems from the pen of the author of this drama in the *Poets' Magazine*. We are always pleased to hear of our contributors entering the book-world arena enlisted in the contest for public favour. The plot of the tragedy is somewhat singular—the story hanging mainly upon the love of a guardian for the young girl committed to his care, and the struggle which is experienced in the maiden's heart between her gratitude to the Count of Bethune (the guardian) and her love for his nephew Philip. The Count would make her his wife but fears to tell her, dreading the refusal which he knows would follow.

"Silvestra, think you
It is a possible thing for a young maid
To affect an old man—that's to say, an elder
By some years than herself? That is, to love?"—

But, unsuspecting and artless, she interrupts the confession thus:

"I do, Sir; with all her maiden soul—
To cherish his honour even as her own—
To hold his image in her bosom, and bow
Her best self to his service; this is love:
The highest, truest, holiest love of earth—
A daughter's to her father."

Then, in Act II, when the girl learns that there are two paths from which to choose, we have some well-expressed passages of passionate indecision:

"Words will not form aright. My chafed heart burns,
My fevered temples throb—and jarring thoughts
Keep such loud war within, they cannot hear
The voice of their true leaders—reason—conscience.
But, of two leaders that put forth themselves,
Which may I choose as right, since both show right?
Ah, what a strife! upon the one side pleads
Love, love, love,—and with a youthful whisper
Winds out his honied cause. Upon the other,
Gratitude, duty, and the mild regard
I bear my father. Which is to gain the day?"

The plot is worked out by conversations and soliloquies. The characters of the old Count and his adopted daughter stand out upon the canvas of the poem, clearly and boldly; while considerable interest is awakened by the opening scenes, an interest which gains in strength as we proceed. Philip is, however, but an ordinary mortal, with no special individuality—also there is too much of what is popularly termed “blood and thunder” throughout the work. From the last scene, in which is enacted the violent death of Count Bethune, after Sylvestra has become Philip’s wife, we extract the following:

SIL.—“Let me go to him—let me go to him, I say!

PHILIP—Nay, not so; keep thee back. He is no more fit
For love of wife or daughter—any love.
Think you what he has done. Friends do you know it?

BETHUNE—(*raises himself a little*) Ay, keep her back, as thou hast
[kept back—all!
Where I am hasting there’s neither wife nor—child—
Nor man, nor woman,—nothing.”

It is a sad story, and not a common one. From a poetical point of view there is much deserving praise. Perhaps the greatest merit of the production is the *fluency* of the language—the evident *ease* with which the lines are coupled together.

“THE EXCHANGED IDENTITY,” by W. A. Chandler (E. W. Allen, 11, Ave Maria Lane). Expecting some such horrors as are depicted in Byron’s “Deformed Transformed,” when, attracted by the title, we took up this poem, we were somewhat surprised to find that the style is rather that of the “Ingoldsby Legends” than of Byron’s unfinished tragedy. Here is an example of the style and an insight into the plot of the poem:—

“A sunny day, the may in bloom,
A lady riding with her groom—
Florinda Vane, the glass of fashion,
And fraught with limpid depths of passion.
But how describe that lovely face,
That artless look, that matchless grace,
That form so pure, it seemed to be
Some sculptured Greek divinity!
And he dark, proud, plain, fair Jack Wade,
Who rode behind the peerless maid.”—

"Ah! we know what is coming," we think we hear our fair readers who are "good at guesses" exclaim. "The poor groom falls in love with the rich lady!" Exactly so—you are quite right, fair ladies,—and in order to win her love Jack Wade exchanges clothes with her *ducal* admirer.

"The silliest chit that ever breathed;
For Lady Vane her Pa had fated him,
And proud Jack Wade with fervour hated him."

Fair Florinda discovers the disguise before her marriage, but preferring honest Jack to the titled "chit," refrains from mentioning the matter. But space will not permit us to give the details of the romance, and with one of the most melodious of the lyrics we must conclude our notice.

"I sat beside the river,
I watched its even flow,
I heard the aspens quiver;
I thought he'll never know
That I gave my love unbidden,
Then kept it hidden, hidden!—
It must be so.

The dancing wavelets glisten
Like diamonds on the tide;
I turn my head to listen,
Ah! he was by my side;
Then I loved him not unbidden,
Nor kept my longing hidden!—
His promised bride.

"A GREY CLOUD," by Hannah H. Hopkins (Charing Cross Publishing Company, Broadway, E.C.),—A well-written prose story. There is the narrative of a life to tell, and Miss Hopkins tells it concisely, and in clear, plain language, without any pretence of inculcating philosophical truths or theories, without any laboured descriptions, or highly coloured situations. Not that we condemn philosophy, word painting, or even sensationalism, in fiction—on the contrary, authors who have sufficient strength of pen to introduce the two

former, are to be honoured far above the mere narrative teller. But how few there are who are competent for such work, and how infinitely to be preferred are the unpretentious, so to speak, *plot-unweaving* novelettes of modest writers to the gorgeous, over-coloured, untasteful attempts at portrait painting which are continually being thrust upon the public.

Briefly, "A Grey Cloud" is a simple love-story, ending in the orthodox wedding, and leaving the young couple "happy ever after." We give one paragraph at random as example of the composition :

"It is unnecessary to describe Fred's disappointment on reading Mina's reply, who told him that she could never be more to him than "cousin Mina." He did not blame her, for he knew full well that this could not with justice be done ; neither did he hope that in time she would be induced to say "Yes" to his loving appeal. He was fully aware that Mina was no fickle lady, who did not know her own mind : but that Sir John was right when he said, "Depend upon it, when Miss Carlisle says 'No,' she means it."

"A LIFE'S VOYAGE," by Charles Sanger (James Nisbet and Co., Berners Street, W).—A religious poem in Three Parts. Part I opens with a very poetical invocation—thus :

"Wake ! Fancy, wake ! Bestir thyself ! Arise !
Lift thy fair eyelids. Let the light surprise
Thy wondrous eyes, which, in their visional might
Spread through great realms of darkness as through light."

The poem is in rhyming couplets of unequal merit. The doctrine of the reconciliation of man to his Creator, accomplished by the mighty hand of the offended God himself, who, taking man's manifold transgressions as a whole laid the burden and the punishment attached to it upon His only Son, is insisted upon and illustrated, as well as the doctrine of "imputed righteousness," which naturally follows belief in the atonement. As a theological work we recommend it to searchers after truth ; but we must express our regret at the somewhat bigoted tone of the concluding pages, in which we are told there is "no hope ! no help !" for those who die unconvinced. We do not say that there is hope for such, but remembering that Jehovah is represented as Love itself, and as pitiful, long suffering, and tender, we should be sorry to assert positively that hope and help are impossibilities even in another world. They may be or they may not be.—From our hearts we say we hope they are not as we remember the

many misspent lives whose very living has been a practical rejection of Christ.

"LYRICS FROM A COUNTRY LANE," by John L. Owen (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co). From the title page we learn that this is "A Miscellany of verse;" and we turn to the contents pages to find the verses most likely to be of interest. The usual array of such titles as "Spring,"—"A Summer Sunset,"—"Sonnet,"—"My Love," etc., are to be found, but, passing these by, we are attracted by numerous original subjects, and finally settle down to the critical perusal of "To Mildred—Sleeping." It is a very brief composition—only two stanzas; and as the lines are poetical and contain pretty conceits we quote it entire :

"Glory of rubies, glitter of diamonds, shimmer of pearl,
Were I the heir to a kingdom, were I the son of an earl,
I would throw over thee, sleeping—yea, I would deck thee in sleep,
With all the earth has of beauty, with all the gems of the deep.
Oh! thou fairest of women, such an enchantress as thee
Ought not to smile on the lowly, should never have come to me.

A sunburst and cloud have fleck'd my life with an alternate gleam,
Since the day that I met thee, thou soul of my midsummer dream.
If it is joy, 'tis madness, and even a vision of sin
To live thus, to love and be loved, with never a chance to win.
Oh! thou queen among women (chain her, still, beautiful sleep)
Wake not to smile on the lowly, nor let us have cause to weep."

The author designates himself as a "rover" in love—we find he is also a rover in a poetical sense. All kinds of subjects and styles of versification are grouped together in this voluminous volume. Had the two hundred and seven pages been reduced to about one hundred and fifty, by the omission of such weak productions as "Epistle to L—" and "By the Sea," Mr. Owen would have been the author of a very creditable miscellany indeed.

"ENGLISH VERSIFICATION," by E. Wadham (Longmans, Green and Co).—Here we have a work professing to give information upon the art of versification, in all its branches. Modern terms take the place of the old classical appellations, with the view to simplifying the instruction given, but we must confess to having become entangled well-nigh inextricably in the mazes of the new designations, and finding ourselves, when we close the book, more confused as to means and methods of poetical composition than we were when we took it up

The foot which is known to poets as a *dactyl* is by Mr. Wadham styled *revert*, and in the same way the term *quick* replaces the classic *anapæst*. But that any special benefit is thereby obtained we fail to see, and vastly prefer the old school to the new. From the introductory pages we quote the following paragraph, fully endorsing the theory advanced:—

“From the outset none should make confusion between the terms ‘verse’ and ‘poetry.’ These are, indeed, for the most part used synonymously, but verse strictly is the warp and weft of the gorgeous texture, and might exist without poetical colours, as easily as tissue might be woven without pattern or facing of any kind; the term poetry, on the other hand, only correctly belongs to the finished fancy bright woven in.”

The author is evidently fully familiar with his subject, and competent to impart his knowledge to others: but he has set about his instruction in the wrong way, with a result the opposite to that intended.

“THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER AND OTHER POEMS,” by Mary E. Shipley (Wm. Poole, Paternoster Row). A tiny volume with blue and gilt cover, and with high-souled piety breathing in every page. The poems are not of special value as such, and we would recommend them only to the lovers of homely verses, with moral religious tendency. The writer evidently *feels* what she writes. There is no forced language, no wavering uncertain expression of belief.

NOTICES.

“Ianthé,” a dramatic poem by Leonard Lloyd, appearing in the Poets’ Xmas Annual, can be obtained of the author, price One Shilling. “*Full of thought and of Dramatic vigour.*”—Morning Post. “*Powerfully written.*”—Australian and New Zealand Gazette. “*Vigorously sketched and containing many excellent passages.*”—Daily Chronicle. “*Much good reading.*”—Examiner. “*Vigorous verse.*”—The Queen. “*Has good passages.*”—Lloyd’s News. “*Deservedly attractive.*”—Broad Arrow. “*Contains several sweet lyrics whose cadences cling to the memory.*”—Brief.

TO OUR READERS.

Original contributions are invited for this *Magazine* from all possessing literary talent. Special terms are made with authors of note.

Letters and M.S.S. (with stamp for reply,) must be addressed to Leonard Lloyd, 11, Ave Maria Lane, E.C.

Subscription, 6s. per annum, postage included.

Post Office Orders payable at Temple Bar Post Office to Leonard Lloyd, or stamps can be sent.